



WORLD FAMOUS NURSERY RHYMES

Volume Three



**WORLD FAMOUS NURSERY RHYMES
VOLUME THREE
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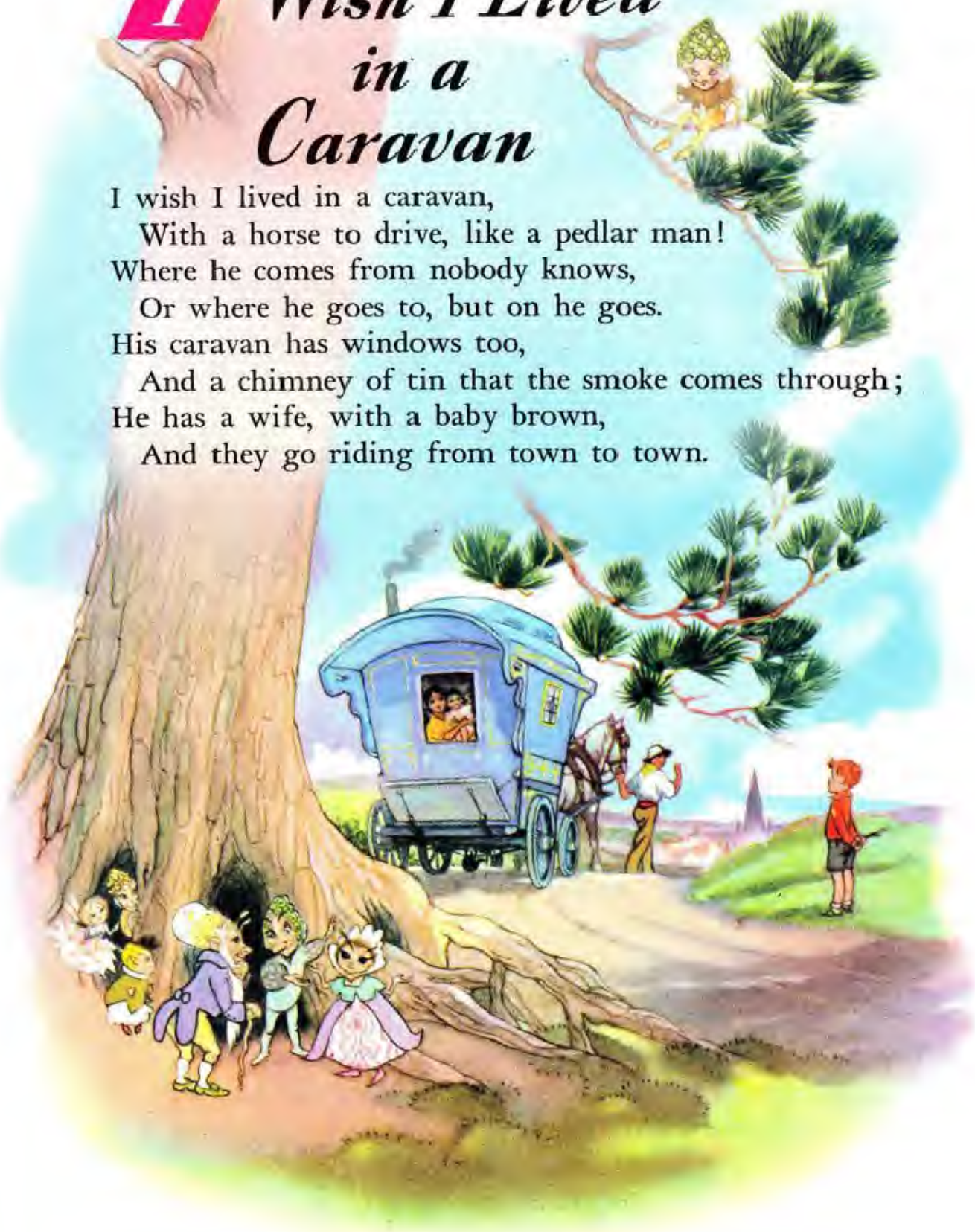
Ride a *Cock-Horse*

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse.
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.



Wish I Lived in a Caravan

I wish I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a pedlar man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes.
His caravan has windows too,
And a chimney of tin that the smoke comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.



***W**here are you going to*

“Where are you going to, my pretty maid?”

“I’m going a-milking, sir,” she said.

“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”

“You’re kindly welcome, sir,” she said.

“What is your father, my pretty maid?”

“My father’s a farmer, sir,” she said.

“What is your fortune, my pretty maid?”

“My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.

“Then I can’t marry you, my pretty maid.”

“Nobody asked you, sir,” she said.



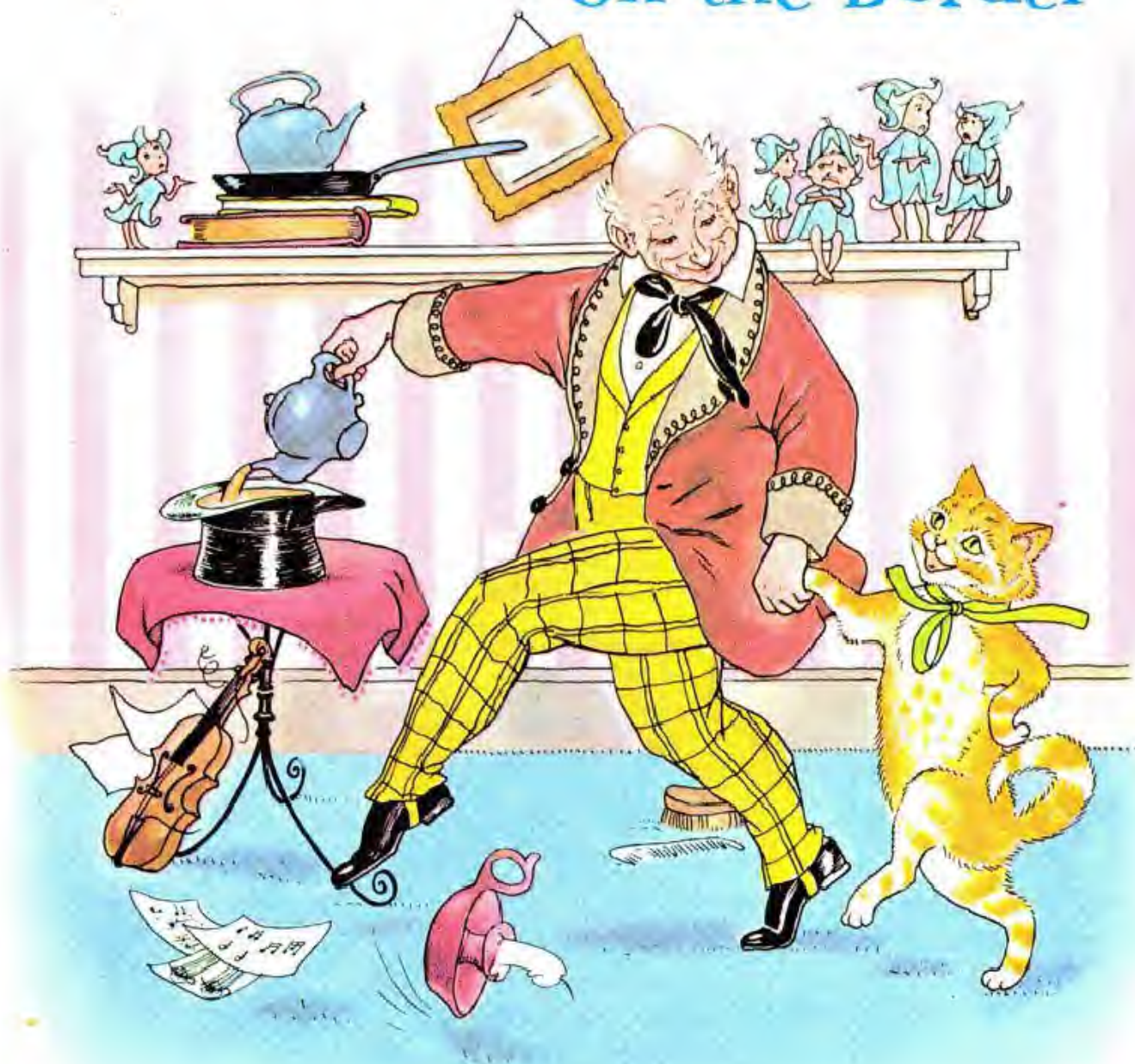


There was a crooked man

There was a crooked man
Who walked a crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence
Upon a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat
Who caught a crooked mouse.
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.



There was an old man on the Border



There was an old man on the Border,
Who lived in the utmost disorder;
He danced with the Cat, and made tea in his hat,
Which vexed all the folks on the Border.

Mary had a pretty bird

Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow.
Slender legs, upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.



The sweetest notes he always sang,
Which much delighted Mary.
And near the cage she's ever sit,
To hear her own canary.

HECTOR PROTECTOR



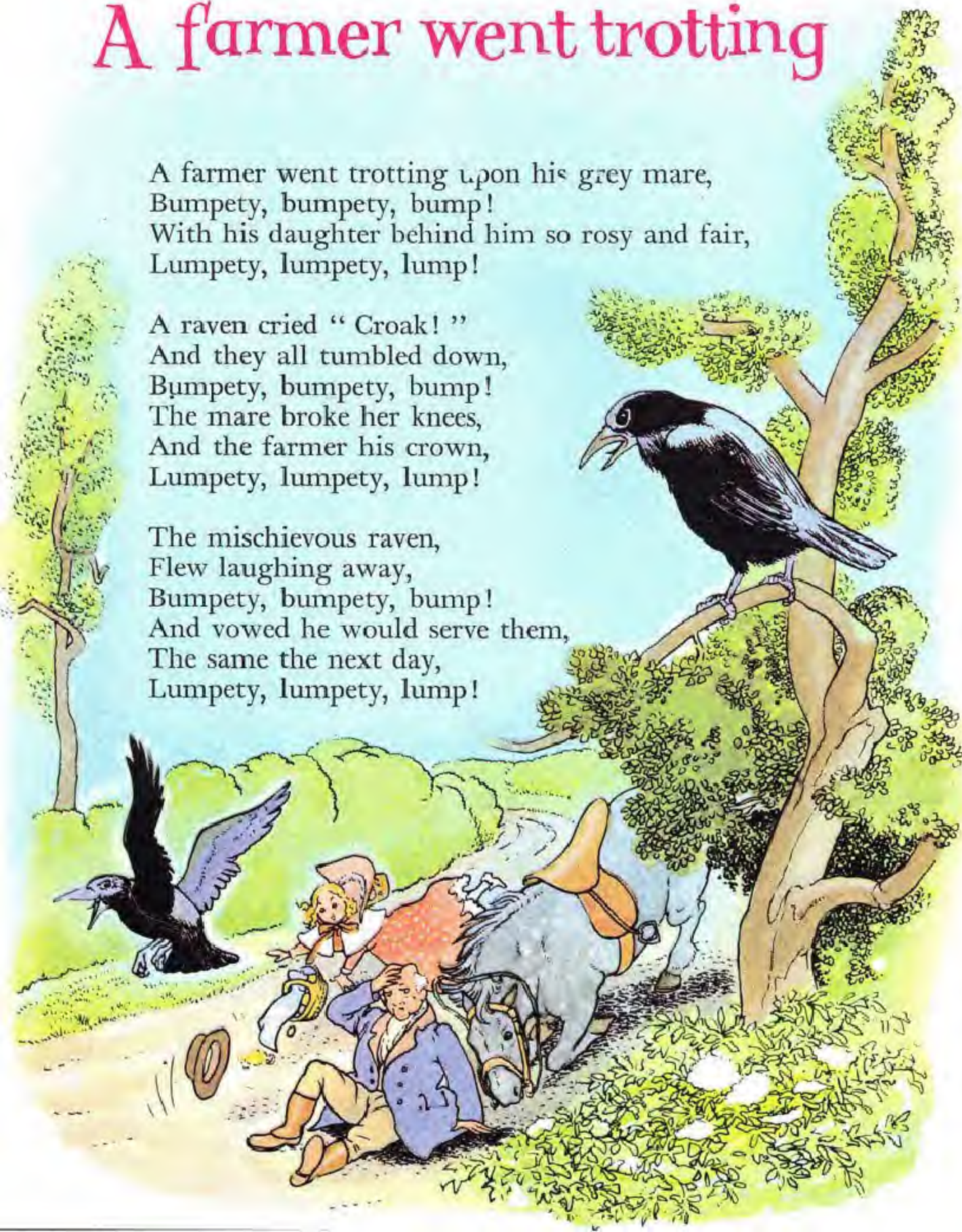
Hector Protector was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.
The Queen did not like him,
No more did the King;
So Hector Protector was sent back again.

A farmer went trotting

A farmer went trotting upon his grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried "Croak!"
And they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees,
And the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven,
Flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vowed he would serve them,
The same the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!



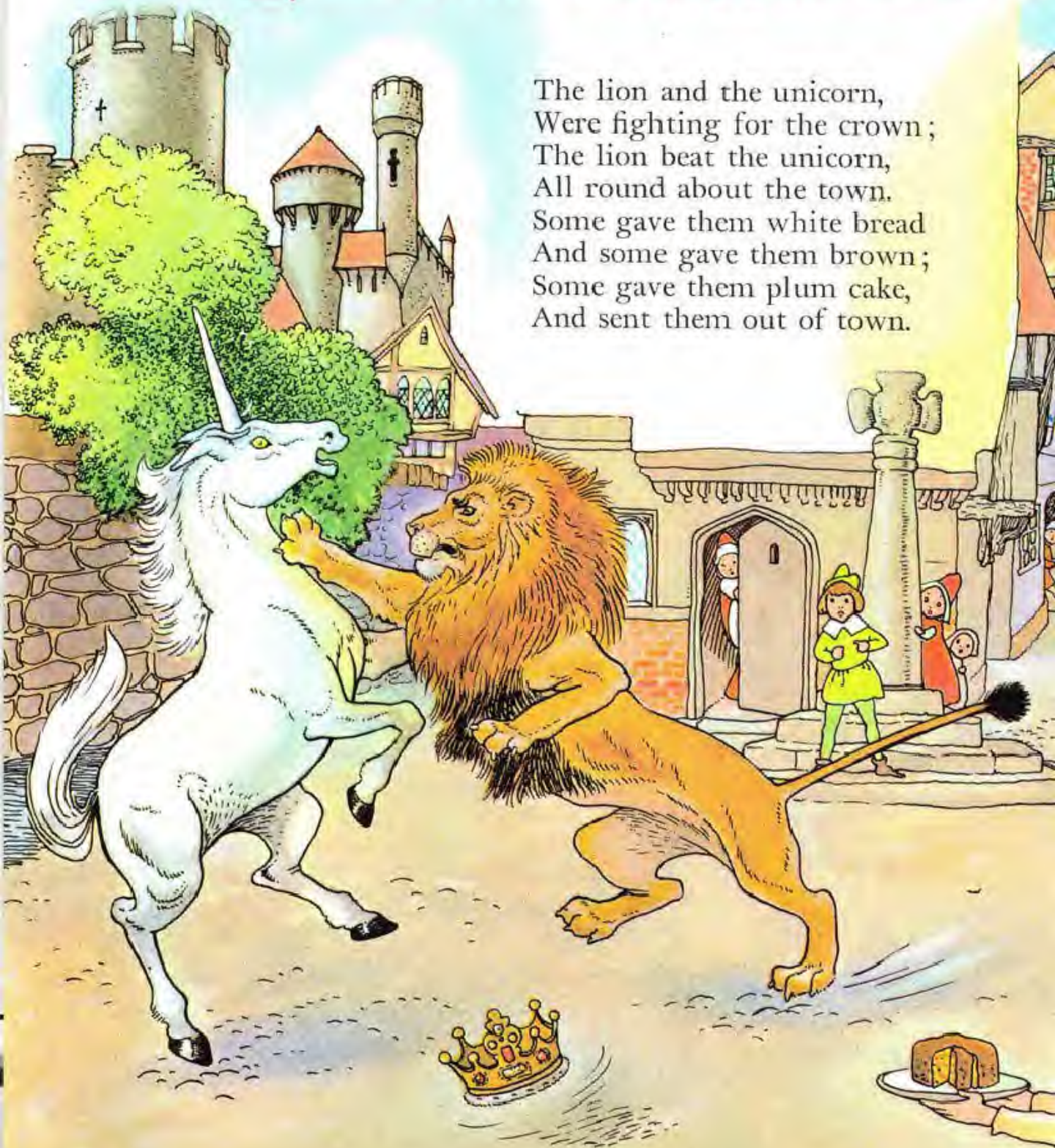
I'll sing you a song

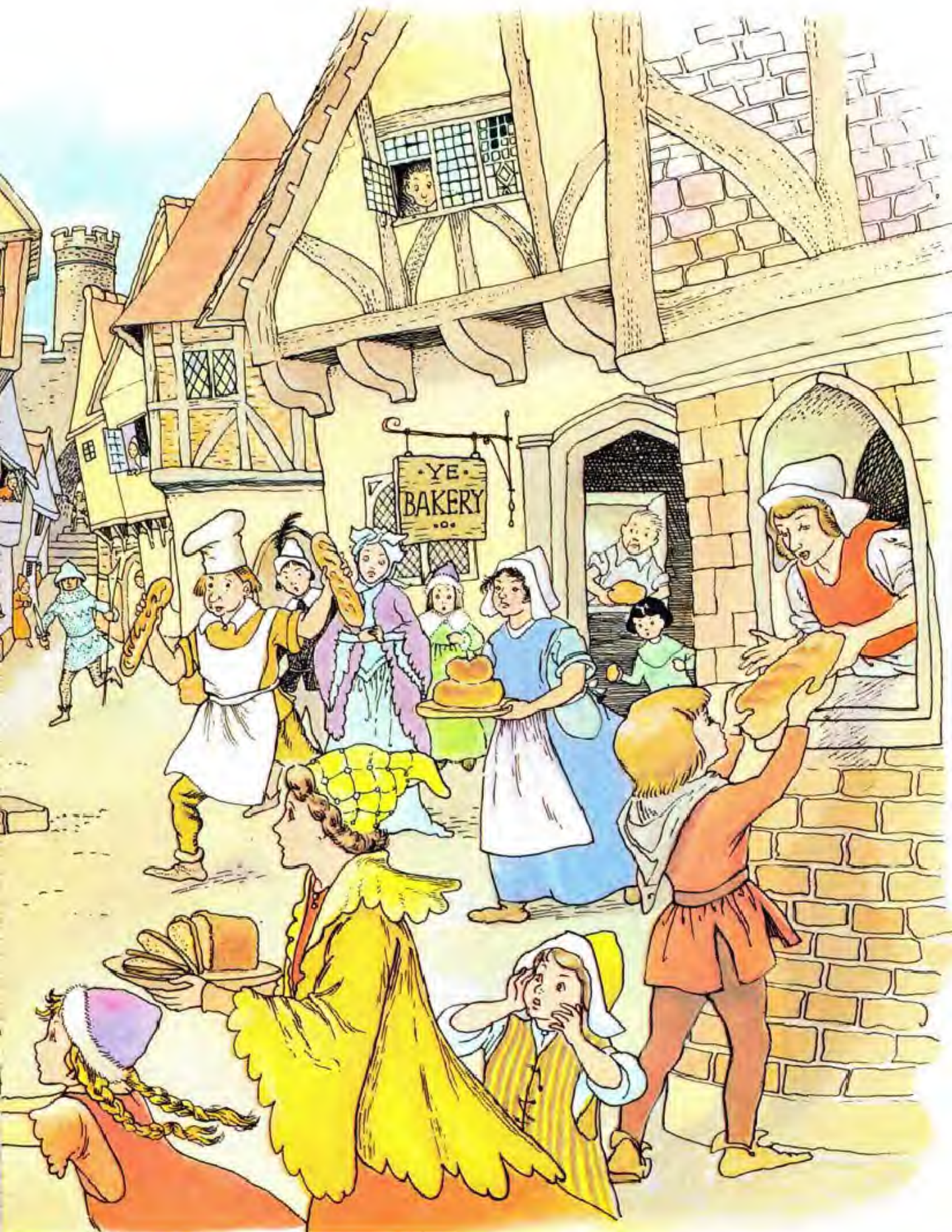
I'll sing you a song,
Though not very long,
Yet I think it as pretty as any.
Put your hand in your purse,
You'll never be worse,
And give the poor singer a penny.



THE LION AND THE UNICORN

The lion and the unicorn,
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn,
All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum cake,
And sent them out of town.





O oranges and Lemons



“Oranges and lemons,”
Say the bells of
St. Clement’s.



“You owe me five farthings,”
Say the bells of St. Martin’s.

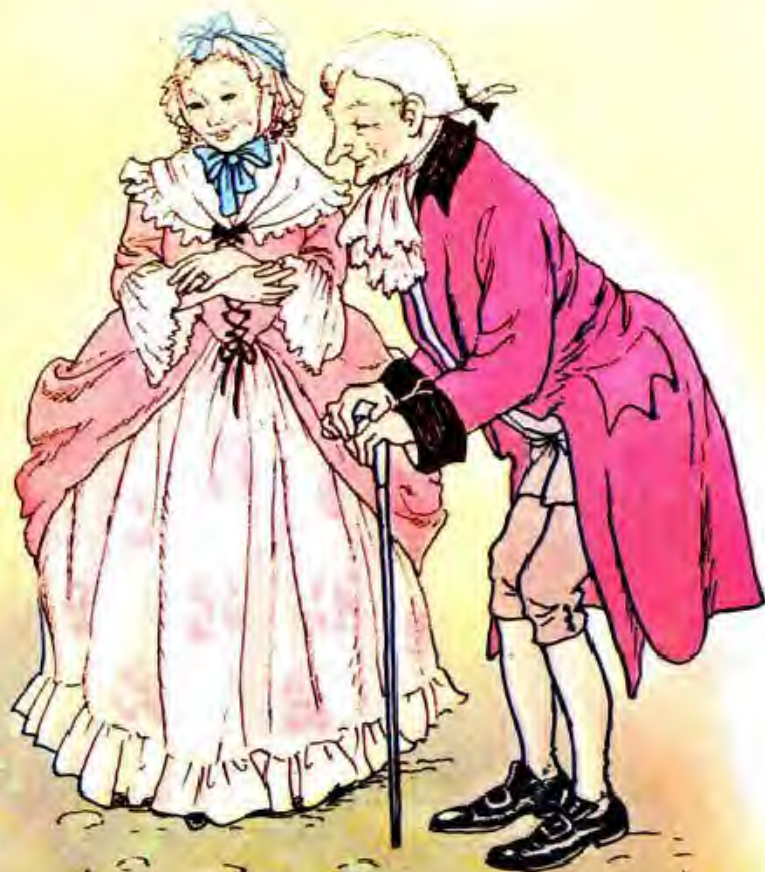
The Old Person of Dover

There was an old person of Dover,
Who rushed through a field of blue clover;
But some very large bees stung his nose and his knees,
So he very soon went back to Dover.



Little Girl, Little Girl

Little girl, little girl,
where have you been?
Gathering roses
to give to the Queen.
Little girl, little girl,
what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond
as big as my shoe.



There was a Young Lady of Bute

There was a young lady of Bute,
Who played on a silver-gilt flute;
She played several jigs
to her Uncle's white pigs,
That amusing
young lady
of Bute.



ROCK-A-BYE, BABY

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman,
Mother's a queen.





And Betty's a lady,
and wears a gold ring,



And Johnny's a drummer,
and drums for the King.



Monday's Child

Monday's child
Is fair of face,



Tuesday's child
Is full of grace,



Wednesday's child
Is full of woe,



Thursday's child
Has far to go,

Friday's child
Is loving and giving,



Saturday's child works
Hard for his living,



And the child that is born on the Sabbath day,
Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay.

Lady Bird Lady Bird

Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
and your children all gone.
All but the youngest,
and her name is Anne.
And she has crept under
the dripping pan.



Little Boy Blue



Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn.
But where is the boy who looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack, fast asleep.

Hark, Hark, the Dogs do Bark

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags, some in jags,
And some in velvet gown.





Bobbie Shaftoe

Bobbie Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles at his knee;
When he comes back, he'll marry me,
Bonny Bobbie Shaftoe!



Bobbie Shaftoe's bright and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair,
He's my ain for evermair,
Bonny Bobbie Shaftoe.



Little Jack Horner



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie!
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

Little Polly Flinders



Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes;
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat

“Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?”

“I’ve been to London
To visit the Queen.”

“Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
What did you there?”

“I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair.”



Tom, Tom, the Piper's son

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.





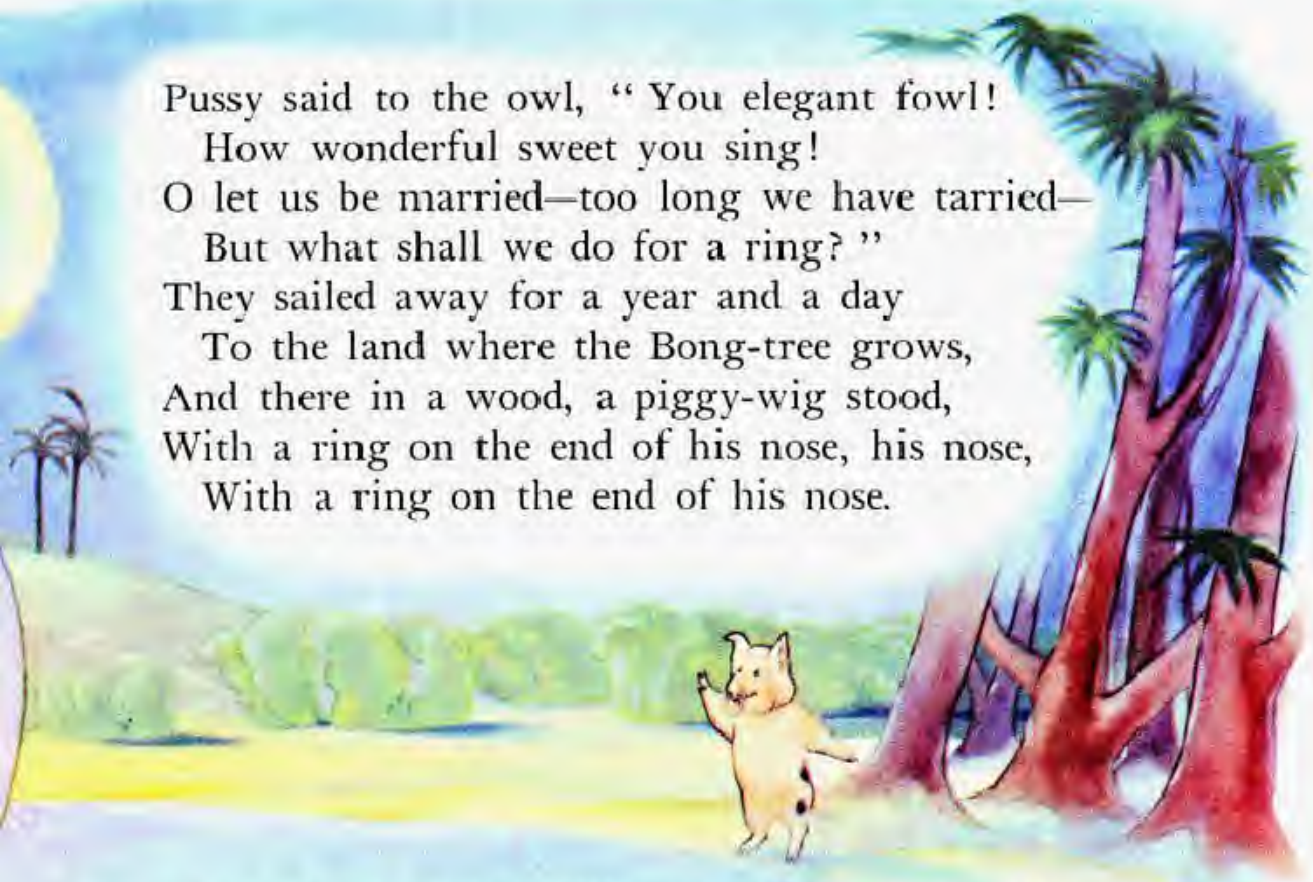
The

Owl and the Pussy-Cat

The owl and the pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
“O lovely pussy! O pussy, my love!
What a lovely pussy you are, you are,
What a lovely pussy you are!”



Pussy said to the owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
O let us be married—too long we have tarried—
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood,
With a ring on the end of his nose, his nose,
With a ring on the end of his nose.



"Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon, the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.





Jack and Jill

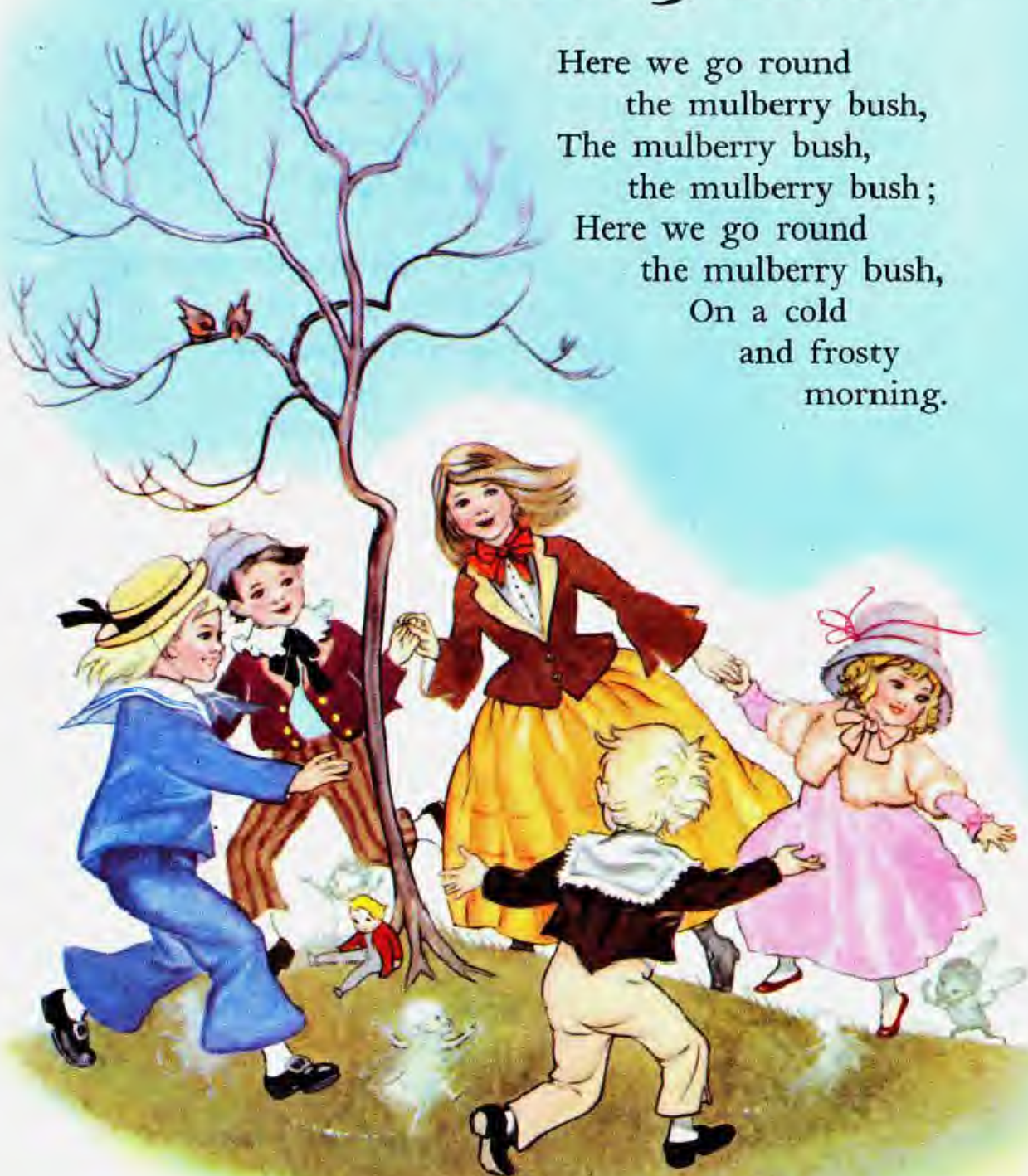
Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got, and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
He went to bed and plastered his head
With vinegar and brown paper.



Here we go round the Mulberry Bush

Here we go round
the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush,
the mulberry bush ;
Here we go round
the mulberry bush,
On a cold
and frosty
morning.



What are Little Girls made of?



What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice,
And all that's nice.
That's what little girls are made of.

What are little boys made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails,
And puppy dogs' tails.
That's what little boys are made of.



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT



This is the house that Jack built.



This is the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

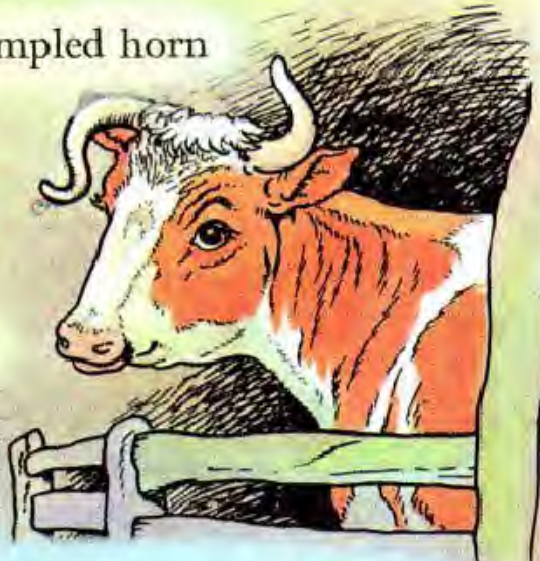


This is the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.



This is the maiden all forlorn
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
that
Jack
built.



The Three Little Kittens

Three little kittens they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,

“Oh! Mother dear,
We sadly fear,
Our mittens we have lost!”

“What! lost your mittens,
you naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!”

Miaow, miaow,
miaow, miaow,
Miaow, miaow, miaow, miaow.

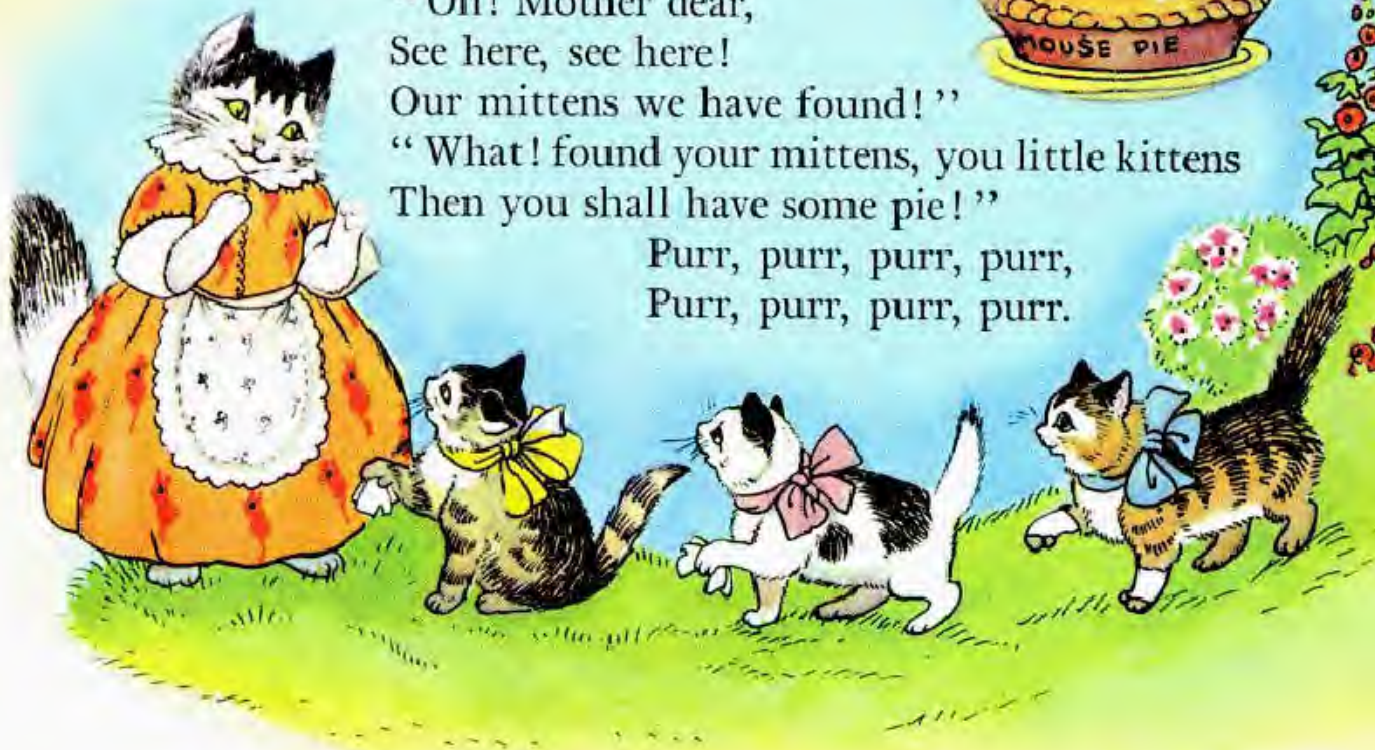


The three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry,

“Oh! Mother dear,
See here, see here!
Our mittens we have found!”

“What! found your mittens, you little kittens
Then you shall have some pie!”

Purr, purr, purr, purr,
Purr, purr, purr, purr.



The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;

“Oh! Mother dear,
We greatly fear
Our mittens we have soiled!”

“What! soiled your mittens,
you naughty kittens!”

Then they began to sigh:
Miaow, miaow, miaow, miaow,
Miaow, miaow, miaow,
miaow.



The three little kittens
they washed their mittens,
And hung them up to dry;

“Oh! Mother dear,
Look here, look here,
Our mittens we have washed!”

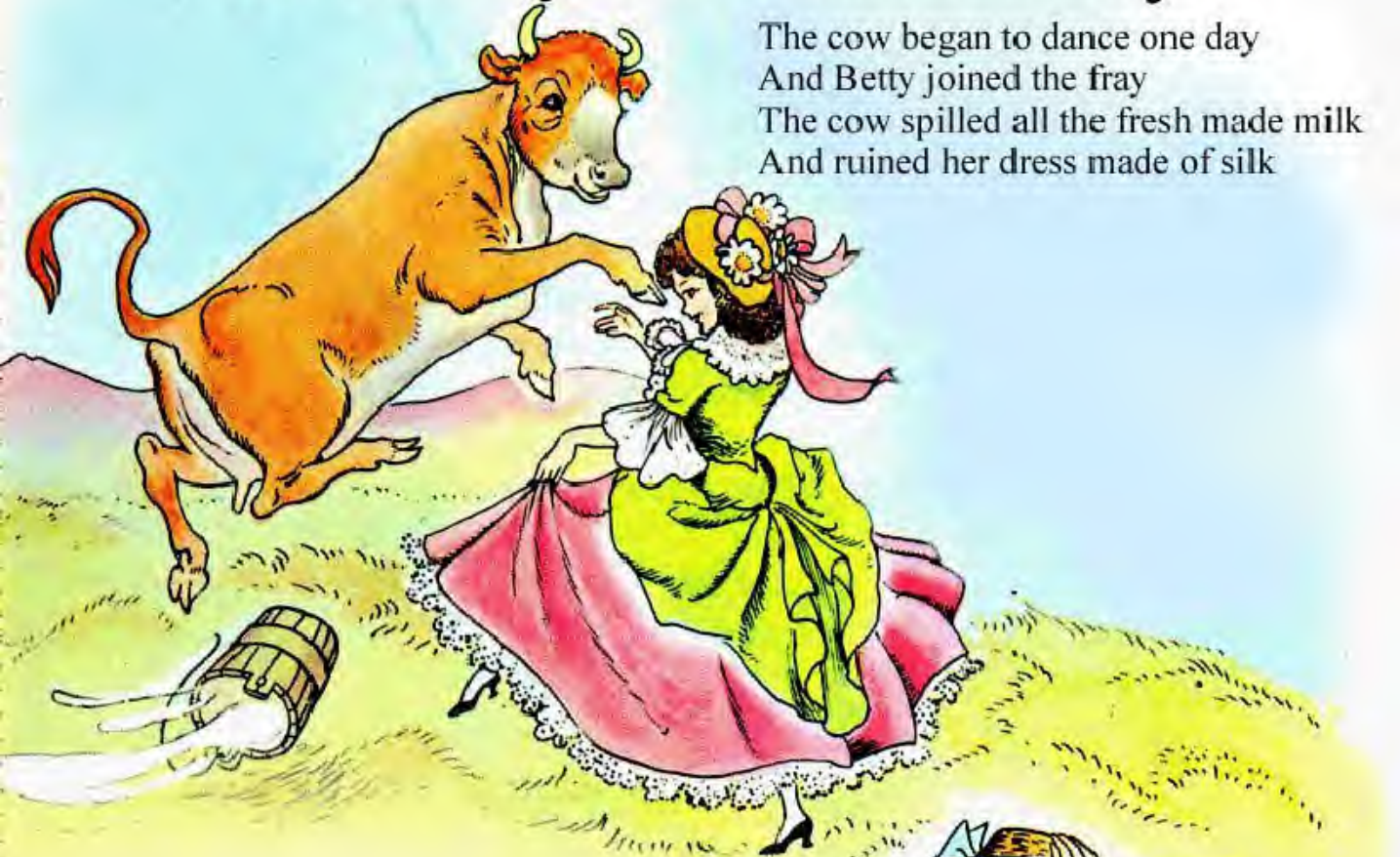
“What! washed your mittens, you darling kittens,
But I smell a rat close by!”

Hush! hush!—miaow, miaow,
Miaow, miaow, miaow, miaow.



We All Began to Dance One Day

The cow began to dance one day
And Betty joined the fray
The cow spilled all the fresh made milk
And ruined her dress made of silk



Old Maid Mary kicked her legs
And dropped her basket
and spilled her eggs
We can't have cake or bake the bread
But we shall have pie instead



Curly Locks!

Curly Locks! Curly Locks!
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes,
Nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion,
And sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries,
sugar
and
cream.



A Dillar, a Dollar

A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come
at ten o'clock,
But now
you come
at noon.



Daffy-Down-Dilly

Daffy-Down-Dilly
has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat
and
a green
gown.



A Robin and a Robin's Son



A robin and a robin's son,
Once went to town to buy a bun.
They couldn't decide on plum or plain,
And so they went back home again.

Hot-Cross Buns!

Hot-cross buns!

Hot-cross buns!

One a penny, two a penny,

Hot-cross buns!

If ye have no daughters,

Give them to your sons,

One a penny, two a penny,

Hot-cross buns!



